

## Light It Up by givupdafunk

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**Summary:**

It's a very Merry Christmas at The Wheeler House. Jancy ensues.

"I've been putting out fire with gasoline"

— Bowie

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

Pre-ST Jancy (Steve who? Demagorgon-what?) Fluffy for now, with innuendo because they are horn dogs. Chapter 2 will go where it needs to go (straight into the gutter). Enjoy.

"I guess you're getting old enough that you don't have to go if you don't want to..." Joyce trailed off, "but Karen will be disappointed not to see you, Jonathan. She lives for the Christmas party, you know that. It's the one time of year she gets all of her friends and their kids all in one place. Plus, she counts on you to help with the big group photo."

"I know, but it's just uncomfortable for me all night. There's no one to talk to, and I really get tired of everyone asking me 'how's school?' and 'thought about what you're doing after graduation?' and 'dating anyone?' ... ugh, it's awful. And she doesn't really need my help anymore now that she has the Polaroid - it's just point and shoot."

"Hmm, this wouldn't have anything to do with me telling you that Nancy won't be there, does it? You sometimes talk with her at these things."

"I mean, sometimes, just like school stuff, but yah she's the only one my age, so if she's not going what am I going to do, hang in the basement with the boys and cramp Will's style?"

"You won't bother us. You should come!" Will piped in. "Besides you love Mrs. Wheeler's desserts. Just stand there all night and get fat if you want to. It's Christmas."

"How about this." Joyce offers. "We can drive your car, and if you get bored, you can leave and we will get a ride home. Just make sure you don't leave before the group photo. Deal?"

"Alright, mom. But I'm not wearing a tie this year. I know she likes everyone to look nice, but I really don't want to wear a tie, maybe

ever again. I don't get the point. They are constricting, and a societal construct symbolizing conformity..."

"Alright, alright, spare me, rebel boy. No tie, deal, but you can't wear a rock T-shirt, or anything with holes in it, either."

"Mom, come on, I'm not going to do that. I'll look fine, I promise."

"Sheesh, my son the iconoclast. Wait until the world tries to tell you what to do. Ok well everyone get ready." She claps for emphasis. "We are leaving in an hour, and I've got dibs on the shower."

"Haha that rhymed." snickered Will.

"She was a poet, and didn't know it." Joked Jonathan. Will fell apart laughing with him.

"Hardy har har," Joyce turned back to her sons, smirking "you are both monkeys escaped from the zoo. I don't know what happened to my real babies, so you'll have to do! Ha! Rhymed again! Take that!"

"Good burn, mom!!" Will shrieked, pointing at Jonathan. "She got you!"

"Oh you think that's funny, huh?" Says Jonathan. "You know what else is funny? You have to wear a tie and I don't! Now that's funny."

"Aw man..." big brother did have a way of getting the last word.

"Here, come on, I'll help you pick something out if you help me pick something out so we don't look like total goobers in this photo that will be on the wall at The Wheeler house forever. Deal?"

"Deal!"

Jonathan and Will get dressed all the while joking around with an old clip on bow tie they find. Where the heck did that come from? Will kinda likes it though and so he leaves it on. Jonathan puts on his nicest sweater and slacks and then ties a necktie around his head like a bandana because it makes Will laugh.

They present themselves for inspection at the open bathroom door

where Joyce is putting on her earrings. When she sees them she says “seriously?” They are clearly joking around just to get a reaction out of her, and she knows it. Jonathan removes his tie bandana and throws it on the counter now that he’s gotten her. He shakes his shaggy brown locks back into place. Will adjusts his bow tie in the mirror looking quite pleased. It’s kinda silly looking, but he also doesn’t want to wear a normal tie, because, ya know, Jonathan doesn’t want to. “You just said I had to wear a tie, but you didn’t say what kind” Will chirps, grinning up at his mom.

“You’re not going to turn him into a rebel, too, are you?” Joyce looks at Jonathan through the mirror.

“I dunno mom, these monkeys from the zoo are pretty unpredictable.” Jonathan quips. Will snickers. “Where did this come from anyway?” He says gesturing to the bowtie.

She chuckles, then walks closer to take a look. “Oh I think that’s from that terrible waitress job I had.” She continues to talk as she walks back to finish her makeup at the mirror. “Remember when I had that second job on the weekends when Will was still a baby? The awful uniform with the vest and the bow tie? Supposed to make the place look all high class but they were serving overpriced burgers and chicken. Ridiculous. It didn’t last, of course” She’s done making her last looks in the mirror and looks over at her boys. “Oh gosh you both look so handsome. It doesn’t matter what you are wearing.” She beams. “Ready to go?”

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They both tell their mom that she looks lovely. Jonathan escorts her out to the car and Will opens the passenger side door. They may not have much but they know when to treat their hard working mother right and make her feel special. They are all in a great mood. Look out Hawkins, the Byers’s are out on a Saturday night, they joke.

Jonathan is very relaxed, too. Truth be told he’s kind of glad Nancy won’t be there. They’ve known each other through their parents and their brothers since they were kids, and they are friendly, but lately, as they’ve gotten older she tends to make him nervous and uncomfortable. She was such a scrawny, bratty little know-it-all when

he met her, feisty and competitive, but still fun most of the time, especially when they would be forced to hang out. She wasn't a total mouth breather and was actually pretty witty and funny sometimes.

Around 7th grade though it got harder and harder to talk to her. There was that one time that she dressed up as an elf for the boys' D&D campaign and that was pretty cool, but mostly she was just on the phone with her friend Barbara, talking about boys or something whenever he'd go over with his mom. She barely acknowledges him at school now, but that's ok. No one else really does either. Now that he can drive he goes over by himself to pick up Will and doesn't stay long. If she's not there tonight at least he won't have to feel like she's just being polite to him, and he won't have to pretend that he hasn't noticed how pretty her eyes are...

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It's a fun party, and Mrs. Wheeler's cooking and baking is amazing, as always. He's going to make himself sick, but he's posted up by the food, eating at least one of everything. He seems to just eat and never get full lately. Mr. Sinclair is asking him about school, etc. and Jonathan's asking him about the tree they just had to remove after that last heavy snowfall - he noticed it fell when he drove by their house a few weeks ago.

He's just shoved another chocolate muffin in his mouth when he's caught off guard by a pair of sparkling blue eyes moving into the room. Nancy. She's here. And he looks like an idiot with a mouth stuffed full of food. Mr. Sinclair notices him get startled and looks back to see what caught his eye. 'Ah, of course,' he thinks when he sees the pretty young lady with the long brown hair that just walked in. "Well it sure was nice talking with you, Jonathan. You sure are growing up. You'll be taller than me by next Christmas no doubt. Best of luck to you, son." He claps him on the shoulder and walks away smiling to go see what Ted is up to. "Uh yah, see ya Mr. Sinclair. Bye." He chokes out, with a light wave, trying to chew and swallow as quick as he can. Ugh, don't be a spazz Byers, he chides. Shit. She looks beautiful. Bratty Nancy is breathtaking. There's no denying it. And... yep... she just looked over here... shit.

Everyone is standing around her greeting and hugging her, surprised

she made it and she's explaining some reason or other of why she's just getting home. He doesn't care about the reason. He hears her say that she's going to go upstairs to change, and he realizes he's just standing there, probably not looking very friendly. She'll have to walk past him to get to the stairs. There's no escape. And... here she comes.

"Hey, you" She smiles.

"Oh, hey, this is a surprise." He responds. "A good one though", he course corrects. "I thought I'd be stuck all night talking about college plans." He falls back on the 'parents are lame' thing. Pretty weak, but she gives him a slight chuckle.

"Ugh, I know, now we can just commiserate over dumb high school things. Hey, come talk to me upstairs. Grab me a cookie, I'm starving."

Uh, ok. He quickly fills a plate of things she might like - knows she hates lemon but loves oatmeal - while Joyce enters "Hi, Nancy! We're so glad you made it! Give me a hug. Jonathan didn't even want to come when he heard you wouldn't make it." Ok mom, enough, and enough wine, too. Jesus, is she trying to embarrass him? He might be blushing. Over Nancy. In front of both of their families.

"Yah I'm happy it worked out too. We are gonna go catch up now and I need to get ready for the big photo. Bye Mrs. Byers. Come on," she says to him, reaching for his hand, then stopping short and pushing his elbow instead. Joyce notices though and shoots Jonathan a questioning look. 'Yah, I don't know either' he says with his eyes in return. 'Help.'

He's following her to the stairs with a plate of cookies. He might be imagining it but he thinks everyone looks away like they don't notice anything just as he looks over into the living room. His mother and Mrs. Wheeler are a little too close and whispery. And also, he thinks he likes walking up the stairs behind Nancy more than he used to.

"Ugh you didn't want to come, either?" She says once they get to her quiet room.

“Well I just get bored. And I suck at talking to parents and just small talk in general.”

“I tried to get out of it too, for pretty much the same reasons.” she takes a cookie off of the plate as he comes into the room. “Oh thanks! Love oatmeal. Good choice. Have a seat. I just have to get ready.”

He sits on the edge of the bed with really nothing to do but watch her bite a cookie with those pretty red lips and dig through her closet. She finally pulls out two dresses. One blue sweater dress with long sleeves, and another soft red? Or is it pink? Some floaty thingy? It has thin shoulder straps. He knows dick about dresses but that’s pleasing.

“Which one?” She says holding them both up. He’s looking but saying nothing and she’s suddenly realizing that he’s uncomfortable. She forgets that he isn’t like other guys that she can just blink at and they fold.

“I’m sorry, are you ok? Is this weird? I’m rambling and being weird right... I get nervous and just bleh...”

“No, no, you’re fine. Really, fine. I think I’d like to see you in the pink one.” He’s not quite sure why he said it like that. He could’ve just said ‘the pink one’. He’s said too much. Shit. Wait, did she say she was nervous?

“Oh ok, great. I’ll just...”

“Wait, I’ll step outside...”

“Oh, ok... yeah.”

He’s still holding her cookies standing awkwardly in The Wheeler hallway staring at Nancy’s door when Ted comes out of his bedroom to head back downstairs.

“Oh, hi Mr. Wheeler, I’m just... she’s... changing.”

“That’s good you’re out here then, right?”

“Yes, sir. Right.”

She saves him and opens the door suddenly. Yep, pink was definitely the right choice.

Her dad gives a slight nod and she seems surprised to see them both. Jonathan gets the feeling that her dad being there has somehow ruined what was supposed to be her big reveal.

“You look very nice honey. You should get downstairs soon so your mother can get her picture.” He looks at Jonathan in a way he never has before, just a little too long, and then he’s off.

“Well that was awkward” she says when he’s gone.

“Um, yah, but the pink was a good choice,” he says. “Very nice.” Is she blushing? What is happening here?

“I, uh have to get my shoes on now. And finish my cookies. Come back in for a minute?”

“Yep, sure better than standing in the hall. I don’t think your dad likes me.”

“I don’t think he likes any boys around his daughter at all. It’s getting harder and harder to deal with. Like I’m not a baby anymore people. Or a nun.”

“I know, I had to negotiate with my mom just to wear this instead of the stupid coat and tie she makes me wear every year. Like seriously, I’m 16, not an accountant.” That makes her snicker.

“You look good though... still... like the tie is nice, too.”

He cuts her a look that says: stop, no it’s not.

“Ok fine, yeah, you’re right, this is much better. You look more like you.”

“Thanks. It’s a little warm, but better than a tie. Believe me.” He kicks off his shoes and sits back on her bed.

She’s trying on different shoes until she finds ones she likes. That dress, he thinks, that dress, wow, when did she start looking like that



in dresses? She's adding earrings and standing in front of her mirror putting on mascara while she talks to him. Do all women do this? All he knows is, it's a much different experience watching Nancy get ready than his mom, that's for sure. Once she applies her lipstick (he thinks that would make a great picture) she comes and joins him on the bed and nibbles on her cookies.

"So how have you been?" She says. "I rarely see you."

"You mean except for every day at school?" It's meant as a joke. He doesn't expect her to count that. It's different.

"Haha," she says. "That's different. I don't really talk to anyone other than Ally and Barb. School is like a job. I can't wait to get out of here, or just do something... crazy... something... else."

"Oh yeah, like what?" Like make out with the town outcast, maybe? That's a funny joke just for him. An option, none the less.

"I dunno, like move to.... Spain, or get a tarantula or a tattoo. I'm getting so restless and questioning everything lately. Don't you just ever want to just do something strange just to... I dunno... mess with people... let them know that we don't always have to accept their rules?"

Well that was a strange sensation in his stomach. He may be in love. His whole perception of Nancy Wheeler just changed. This sweater was a terrible idea because it's just too warm in here. Why is she just sitting there being so smart, and cool, and beautiful like that? Does she have any idea what she's putting him through? It's confusing.

He's not responding so she just keeps talking. "Like I don't feel like the person everyone expects me to be. I just don't want to be boring old Nancy Wheeler from Hawkins, Indiana, for my whole life, do you?"

"Well..."

"Ok smarty pants, I know you can't be Nancy Wheeler so save it, you know what I mean." He chuckles.

"I actually totally know what you mean, Nance. I really do. I feel it

too. I know you won't be boring old Nancy Wheeler from Hawkins. You couldn't be. You are going to take the world by storm. I know it."

There's a beat where she waits to see if he's joking, or teasing her, but he's not. He's earnest.

"And what about you?" She finally says.

"I mean I'm assuming I'll be a world famous photographer, and play in a punk band in New York for fun, haha, but ya know... anything can happen."

"It could happen. I'd come see you."

"You would?"

"Yah. Sure. Ya know if I happen to be in town and not writing expose pieces from a secret revolutionary hideout in France for the weekend."

"Of course. Yes not then. Rebels never rest."

They share a chuckle that turns into a lingering silence and a slightly familiar stare. He knows this face, but not this look. Is she really still flirting with him? He is so warm and suddenly needs to take off his sweater. He has a plain white t shirt underneath, and he thinks he's going to faint from the heat, so he starts to pull the sweater over his head. She's looking at him a little funny but not shocked until they both realize that his T-shirt is stuck to his sweater and coming off too. She's looking at his bare chest. My my, he is not a little boy anymore. He looks like the shirtless guys in her teen magazines, all the muscles and ridges in all the right places, only he's here in her bedroom, looking adorable on her bed.

"Oh shit sorry! I didn't mean to... do that..." he's trying to remedy the situation and they are both red faced and giggling. He finally gets himself covered again.

"Jeez what kinda place do you think this is Byers?" She's laughing and trying to control her blushing face.

“Oh stop. I just wanted to be cool like you and change clothes, too. Besides it’s your fault it got really warm in here...”

“Oh really?”

“Yah ya know. Talking about revolutions and tarantulas, scary stuff.”

“Huh,” she huffs out, smirking

“Stop don’t make me say it. You look beautiful, stunning might be the word. But you know that already. You don’t need me to tell you that. Oh shut up.”

“I... don’t exactly hate how you look either, especially a minute ago.”

“What? That’s not funny.”

“Who’s kidding? I mean maybe you have a career as a stripper?” She teases.

“Oh my god, this is so embarrassing. I’m sorry! You’re never gonna let me forget this, right?” He has his hands on his face and ruffling through his hair. He’s flustered and adorable.

“I dunno, time will tell. Maybe I don’t want to forget. You can’t tell me what to do.” Her eyes are sparkling at him, and she’s pressing her lips hard to suppress a smile. Definitely flirting.

“Nancy! Jonathan! Get down here, It’s picture time and I need my handsome photo helper!” Karen yells up the stairs.

“Coming!” They yell in unison.

As they start to get up, he grabs her wrist gently just to get her attention. “Hey, listen, why don’t we get this picture stuff out of the way, and then ditch out on this party. I have my car. I’ll steal you all of the oatmeal cookies left in the house?”

Her hand slides lightly into his. “Yeah, I’d like that. Let’s do that.” They share a quick smile and then head downstairs.

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The group is pretty much assembled in front of the Christmas Tree by the time they get downstairs. Karen has decided to use the regular camera instead of the Polaroid as it has a better timer. Jonathan immediately starts setting up the shot and making sure everyone is in focus as he prepares the timer. All the boys are down on the floor horsing around in front of a row of chairs. It's a lot of people but everyone knows the drill - tall people in back, one row seated, kids on the floor, everyone "lean in and pretend you like each other." That's always Ted's lame joke every year but it gets the right smile. Lucas is teasing Will about his bow tie but Will is laughing and telling him he's just jealous. Mike and Dustin are throwing popcorn at each other and catching it in their mouths; well, most of the time they catch it. One of Ted's work friends is standing a little too close to his mom, leaning in to talk. That is noted for later discussion. Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Henderson are sharing a wine induced laughing fit with Mrs Sinclair. It's Christmas time at The Wheelers.

He's almost figured out the timer when Nancy appears. "All set?" She says.

"I think so. Ok help me test it. Ok ready? Ok it's going... they both duck in front of the camera and make a series of weird faces. She says "show me your punk rock band face!" and he obliges. When the flash goes off they are both doing devil horn hands and crazy punk faces and immediately start laughing.

"Oh geez, ok. Haha! That's going to turn out blurry and weird but at least we know the timer works. Ok, thanks, go get ready." He says. She places a light hand on his shoulder and whispers in his ear, "Come stand by me. I'm saving you a spot." He jerks away from the camera settings to look at her. They both also look up to see several people "not looking at them" as she walks back to the group.

"Ok, everyone ready??" He shouts. "When I press it we have 10 seconds. Starting... now!"

He meets his mothers eyes briefly, as she's expecting him to come by her like always, but figures it out and shares a quick, knowing smile with him as he heads over to the side where Nancy is standing. Nancy surprises him and lifts his arm over her head placing it over her shoulders and snakes an arm around his waist. He is very glad

she picked the pink dress because the skin on her shoulder sure feels warm and soft. “Pretend you like each other!” Yells Ted, which makes the whole group chuckle and look nice and smiley for the picture. Jonathan squeezes Nancy close to him and feels her hand pull tight to his hip as her head softly leans into his chest. Her hair is tickling his chin, and he’s probably going to look like a grinning goober in the picture, but he does not give a damn. This might be the best Christmas party ever.

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Later, after she’s changed into warmer, more comfy clothes, and they’ve slipped away from their tipsy parents at the party, they will spread a blanket on the cold hood of his car under the stars and sit cross legged across a plate of cookies and root beers stolen from the party. They will share their dreams and listen to music. They’ll talk about the world and people with idealistic passion, solving all of the world’s problems. At one point when the conversation dips she will ask him:

“You really think I’m a rebel?”

“Nope not yet, but you could be. I could teach you. It will cost you an oatmeal cookie.”

“Oh ouch, steep, but if I was really a rebel I’d just make you tell me. Maybe make you watch while I ate your cookie, too.”

“Right. Right. A real rebel would be that diabolical, yes. Or maybe not. Rebels don’t have rules. So you’re already doing it wrong. You have much to learn.”

“Haha. Very funny.”

“Jeez it’s getting cold. I should get you home.”

“Yah.. or we could like make out or something. Isn’t that what the bad kids do?”

She’s so bad at this. It wasn’t exactly a joke, but his face just went dark.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said that.”

He starts to lean towards her, “you shouldn’t have? Oh ok well I was going to kiss your face off, but never mind now.”

He’s still leaning in though. Looking up at her, with deep brown eyes, suddenly very serious.

She places a hand soft on his shoulder, as he snakes a hand around her waist and slides her across the car towards him, spilling cookies everywhere. He pauses an inch from her lips. She feels his hot breath just before his soft lips work magic upon her soul. She crashes into his solid chest; she wanted to touch him so badly earlier and now she can. He gently pulls her up into his lap, sitting her sideways in the middle of his crossed legs and strokes her back, running a soft thumb down her cheek with his other hand, holding her cheek. Her lips are immensely kissable. Just like the way she speaks, she is kissing back, telling him, shooting it straight. She’s got one hand wrapped around his waist while another hand is kneading at his chest. Each time they kiss, their tongues and lips find new ways to create pleasure. After a few minutes of getting lost in how terribly, terrifically good it feels to kiss each other, he finally pulls back to look at her, immediately missing her embrace. They both grab at each other’s face, cradling them close. Their eyes are laser locked, fierce, and alive.

“Hey, baby, you wanna go set the world on fire with me?” He says.

“Let’s burn it to the ground.”

## 2. Light It Up

### Summary for the Chapter:

"I've been putting out fire with gasoline."  
— Bowie

### Notes for the Chapter:

Pre-ST Jancy; pure, innocent, lusty, smuffy Jancy. Just a couple of horny kids falling in love without shared trauma, testing boundaries and discovering who they are. Next one will have more angst (realistic) but I needed to see them in this AU light, for some reason. Kinda long but I hope you enjoy.

She tastes like oatmeal cookies. Kissing her is... Jonathan can't even formulate the words to explain how worked up Nancy is getting him. It's more like an image on fire in his head than words. He's feeling bold and playful as they sit on the hood of his car on a chilly December night making out for the first time.

"Are you cold?" He asks her.

"God no, I'm on fire right now." She wriggles.

"Aw dang I was hoping you'd say you were cold."

"Why?" They are still kissing at every break in conversation. He's holding her sideways in his lap, encircling her softly, her arms on his shoulders, playing with his shaggy, brown hair, which feels awesome.

"So I'd have an excuse to get you back in the car, possibly in the backseat." She pulls back to look at him. He's kind of smirking, but nervous - shit, what will she say?

"Oh, oh..., oh. Yah ok. Let's go."

Is she kidding? "Really?"

"Yah."

Oh My God. “Ok wait, just hold on. You called my bluff. Don’t, don’t I need to get you back home? Everyone’s going to be looking for us soon. I don’t need your parents to hate me.” They slipped out of The Wheeler Christmas Party some time ago and, no doubt, someone’s noticed by now that his car’s gone and so are they.

“Hmmmm” she starts kissing him again while she thinks. “Ah ok, well we can be rebels and say ‘who cares’, or... we can go back, say goodbye to everyone like everything’s normal, you can take your mom home and then...” she flutters her eyelashes at him, “and then when everyone goes to sleep, sneak out and come get me.” Jesus, she might be a criminal genius. She might be really good trouble.

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“Oh there they are.” Someone says as they walk in the backdoor.

“Here we are.” Echoes Nancy.

“Where were you?” Her mom steps forward.

“Oh, just out driving around, listening to music, catching up.” She offers with a calm smile.

She’s so cool. He finds it hard not to touch her now, to pretend he doesn’t want to. He’s going to stand here, a friendly distance away, hands in pockets, and let her do the talking like she asked. He just has to navigate the next hour or so before he can fondle her again. Sooner or later, if this continues, they’ll have to come clean, but tonight is not that night. Right now, they have a plan.

Her mom just says “oh” and smiles at them.

Jonathan walks into the living room to find his mom talking to Ted’s work friend. “Mom, I’m ready to go home, are you?” he interrupts. She’s still talking with that guy? “Uh, yah, go get Will.” The guy looks like he wants an introduction, but Jonathan cuts him a look and walks out, heading down to the basement to get Will.

Everyone has given their hugs goodbye, politely thanked The Wheelers, and now they are getting into Jonathan’s car. Joyce is feeling pretty silly so as soon as he gets in to drive, and the door



slams, she turns to him. "Alright spill it Mister, what is going on with you and Nancy? I'm supposed to play it cool but I don't want to, so spill."

"Mom, no, nothing to tell, just friends catching up. Just friends." He lies, and starts the car.

"Right, and you needed to leave the house to catch up? I saw you two flirting! You went off to makeout. I know why you snuck out."

"Wait, what?" Will is catching on to the conversation from the backseat and leans forward over the front seat between them. "You kissed Nancy?"

"Great. No no no no... mom.... what are you doing?" He's blushing.

"Alright," she shows a little mercy, "we will believe you for now."

"Um, can we talk about Ted's friend sliming all over you all night then?"

"Whaaat!?!?" Says Will. "Who?? I miss everything!"

"Haha, I don't have to answer your questions. I'm the mom."

"Gross." Says Will, dropping back into the backseat, while she smirks and looks out the window. Neither one of her sons actually wants her to answer.

Sheesh she's tipsy, but had a great time so that's good, and he's successfully deflected her away from Nancy questions. Hopefully she will go straight to bed when they get home. The sooner she falls asleep, the sooner he can be on his way back to Nancy. It's risky though. This might be the first time he's lied to his mom. He hopes he can pull it off.

Oh they are going to tease him so bad when they find out. Well - if. If they find out. Maybe Nancy won't want anyone to know. Ever. There's still 2 weeks of Christmas vacation left before they have to go back to school. Will she even want to acknowledge what happened? How they kissed and hugged and groped on the hood of his car? Mmm Nancy. She's such a good kisser. Ok stop. Stop. Breathe. Focus

on driving and get home. Act natural. Pretend you are listening to Will talk about what happened in the basement tonight. Nod and smile. She will probably have come to her senses by the time he gets back to her house anyway, and just want to talk. (He made out with Nancy tonight.) Just calm down. Everybody calm down. Be cool.

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It's after midnight. He's slipped out of the quiet house undetected and is driving back to Nancy, thinking about her, of course. Even while he was kissing her, the thought crossed his mind that he's a fraud. Here he's been pushing out some pretty good false bravado (and it actually worked!) yet it's nagging at him now. He'd asked, 'Hey, baby, you wanna go set the world on fire with me?' And she'd firmly responded 'Let's burn it to the ground.' Did they even really know what that means? She's inspiring something in him that is a little dark and dangerous and what his mom would say is rebellious. But he's not looking for trouble.

Yeah he's a rebel sort of, more an outcast really, individualist, blah, blah, labels, blah, blah, but one thing he is definitely not is a dog - one of those jock boys trying to get as many chicks as he can so he can brag to the guys. No. He kissed Nancy Wheeler, hard, and a lot, and his hormones were, and are, telling him to do other things to her, with her, all over every part of her, as much and as often as possible. And then do it again.

But he's having a pang of conscience and he has questions. They've never even really been friends in all the years they've interacted. Just casual acquaintances. Why tonight did she suddenly leave the door so wide open? Why did she open up so much to him? What does this even mean? And the conversation was so good, too. They have much more in common than he thought. Music. Philosophy. Art. Rebellion jokes. She questions things. It's attractive. She gets really worked up when she's passionate about a topic. It's hot. He has feelings of respect for her. But what does any of this mean? And did you see how quickly she came up with that plan? She's so smart and determined and fearless. What is she up to? What does any of this mean?

Shut up Byers, you idiot, and kiss the girl. But ugh, everyone seemed

so aware that things were sparking between them. He hates the feeling of people knowing his business. It's going to be so awkward and embarrassing when they find out. Or again, is it IF they find out? Will Nancy just want to keep it a secret? She was complaining about her dad earlier and Jonathan experienced a bit of Ted's daddy instincts first hand. This might be a disaster. But if it is, why did she kiss him like... that? He's kissed one other girl and it was fun, but this was... wow.

He wants her to be his girlfriend. He wants her. Trouble. He's in serious trouble. Good. He wants to be in trouble. With her. Right away.

A few minutes later he's standing under Nancy's window. She's supposed to be watching for him and she is. He sees her slip out the window and carefully make her way to the edge of the roof. She's in dark jeans and a red jacket, hair pulled into a ponytail.

"Hey!" She whispers "Help me down?"

There's a power box that she could maybe reach but it seems precarious. He has a better idea. "Okay, listen." He whispers back. "Just turn around and step back onto my shoulders and hang on to the roof. Trust me." They call it the Byers elevator. He's done this with Will hundreds of times in the trees behind their house. He's underneath her, ready to catch her if she falls, as she inches her legs off of the roof backwards. There's that cute butt again. Focus, Jonathan.

When she has both her feet on his shoulders she pushes off and hangs onto the edge of the roof. He holds her steady by her calves and steadily lowers down to his knees so she can jump off safely.

As soon as she hits the ground he can't help himself as her ass is right there in his face. He wraps both his arms around her waist and bites onto her ass with a playful growl. She shrieks and tries to stifle it, spinning and falling to her knees "Shhh!!!!" He says through a snicker. She gives him a pinch as he's chuckling and rolling backwards into the soft bark lining the side of the house.

"You!! Creature!!" She whisper yells "Stop! You'll wake everyone

up!” She can just see his face in the ambient light though and there’s just enough of a chill that she can see puffs of his laughter in the air. It’s false indignation though - she thinks it’s pretty funny too, and loves the feel of him touching her, even in jest, so she giggles and dives for him and pushes him back onto the soft bark, landing on top of him, with her knees between his splayed legs. This is another first for them. It’s nice.

“Hi.” She likes laying on his chest.

“Hi.” How is this real? She is too much fun.

“You came back.”

“Yah - no duh.” He snarks. He needs to kiss her now so he does, tracing a hand along her cheek, cupping her head and hair, to gently guide her beautiful face closer to his until his warm mouth can taste hers again. Victory. She reciprocates, gaining more and more passion until she’s practically sucking his tongue out of his head and pushing him into the ground.

‘I missed you’ they both think in unison.

Having her lying on top of him is exactly where he wants to be right now. His hands are working up into her hair kneading soft grips on her scalp, which, judging by the way she’s kissing and moaning, she likes. He’s messing up her ponytail but she couldn’t care less. He lifts his head off of the ground to give himself more freedom to try all of the angles he can approach and taste her beautiful lips. Sometimes, at just the right spot he can slide his tongue into her mouth in just the right way that she whimpers softly.

He’s getting harder by the minute. He really wants to touch her ass again so he slowly moves his hands down her back pausing around her waist to see if she tenses up. She doesn’t. She reaches back and grabs his hand, lifts it, and then drops it firmly on her ass. Whoa, guess that’s a ‘yes’ then. He grunts as his hands clasp onto her bottom, that delicious ass he watched swinging up the stairs earlier tonight. Yep it feels as good as he thought it would then. She’s really wriggling around enjoying it.

He moves his hands further down to the backs of her thighs and drags his fingers up to end in another tight clasp of her ass. She groans and lets her legs lift and separate to fall to his sides straddling his body. The slight shift repositions her where she can now feel his hard on through his jeans.

She pulls her head up and away from the prolonged kiss they've been enjoying and looks at him. "Oh, hello there, who's your friend?" She quips. He smirks and uses his hands to guide her ass, pushing her down onto the hardest he has ever been; his brown eyes darken and burn. She lets out a slight puff of air as her eyes flash open.

"Who, him? If you're nice you can meet him later." Whoa, who just said that? She is soooo going to slap you. But she doesn't - her eyes flash mischievously at his challenge as she continues kissing and wriggling around on top of him. It's official. She's awesome.

She starts snickering through their kisses until he stops and says "ok, what is so funny?"

"I'm sorry, it's just... we are dry humping in my yard and it just occurred to me."

"Yah, so?" he says and sneaks a peck on her lips, then another.

"Oh come on, this is crazy dangerous"

"Yah, I know, but I kinda don't want to stop. Plus, if I stand up now it'll look like I have a weapon - someone will call the cops for sure. We have no choice. Besides I thought you were an anarchist or something. Live a little." She's been listening to him make his silly case as her smile has been getting bigger and bigger, even as he continues to sneak gentle pecks to her lips.

Suddenly he rolls over on top of her, eliciting another almost scream which he tries to softly shush with more kisses. Now she's covered underneath him. "There is that better? Now no one can see you. They'll just think I'm taking a nap or something." She has the cutest giggle in all of the universe and he will make a complete monkey out of himself to make her laugh. They begin to kiss again and she has to admit, though the ground is cold, it's nice and warm in the tent his

body makes over her.

God, he's so warm. She runs her arms down his shoulders and down his biceps. That's really, really nice, she thinks. He's partially between her legs so she makes a move to allow him to settle there more fully so she can feel... Oh yah, that's what she was looking for. Their groins are gently rubbing and reacting. She's never had sex, but this is an instinct and everything fits so well. Is she really going to lose her virginity to Jonathan? Like tonight? Well, he said 'if she was nice'. Barb is right, as always; she's a total out of control horn dog. Especially for him. She's so excited that he likes her back. Wait until she tells Barb. This is amazing.

Whoa, wow, uff. Jonathan is really going to lose control soon. This is so unexpected. Ok Byers try not to think about what this could mean. Just be a gentleman and let her tell you how far she's willing to go. I mean surely he's not going to lose his virginity to Nancy... definitely not in her front yard... right? She's just flirtatious. And sassy. And so fucking sexy. He really knows what that word means now. Sexy.

He loves being on top of her but it's harder to let his hands roam. And there's another potential problem. 'Ok, I hope I don't regret this,' he thinks, 'but let's just cool things off a bit for a second. Plus, she can't be comfortable like that. And... she's gonna make me do something embarrassing if she keeps rubbing me like that... sexy. Goddamned sexy.'

"Wanna go for a walk or something?" He asks, and starts to stand up. "I gotta get you off of this cold ground. I parked out of the cul de sac to be safe so we have to walk to my car anyway if you want to go somewhere." She's a little taken aback by how quickly he just stopped and got off of her; she doesn't really want to stop - but agrees they shouldn't stay here, so she nods and starts to stand. He helps her up and watches as she fixes her ponytail with a few skilled tugs. 'She makes something so ordinary, extraordinary,' he thinks. She walks towards him and he pulls her into his side as they continue down the cul de sac sidewalk attached at the hip.

"So where do you wanna go?" He says, kissing the top of her head as they walk. She leans into him hugging his warm torso. Everything about this is just happy. "I dunno, I do NOT want to do the Lovers

Lake cliché, or Sattler's Quarry." She slides her hand down into his back pocket and squeezes. He reacts ever so slightly - that is not going to help the boner situation - but stays cool enough to respond.

"Agree." He clears his throat. "I know a dead end road where I take pictures sometimes."

"Perfect. Take me there."

"Ok but first," He stops and turns taking her face in his hands and softly kissing her, "I just wanted to do that again." Her stomach explodes with butterflies. He's talking so much tonight; maybe it's nerves?

They continue to walk, arms wrapped around hips. "Did you get any questions? Anyone suspicious?" She asks.

"Oh yah, my mom is totally suspicious. She nailed it too, said we snuck off to makeout. I denied it."

"Oh boy. My mom and dad were too busy being all weird with one another. Whenever we have parties, they are different as soon as everyone leaves."

"Different how?" He asks.

"Like they are just distant, not as happy. Preoccupied. They just turned off the lights and went to bed. Didn't really say anything to me though so that's good. Mike would probably notice before anyone else in that house would."

They are about half way to the car and she is overcome with a desire to ravage him. She turns this time and kisses him. She starts backing him up off of the sidewalk and onto whichever neighbor's lawn they happen to be by as she begins to drop to her knees by a large tree. She's got him by his jacket lapels so he goes down too, stumbling in a controlled fall to a seated position. She straddles him immediately, still holding him by his jacket lapels. His hands go to her ass again and he shifts her on top of his cock again.

"Fuuuuck." They both just groaned that at the same time. The mood shifts. They've been joking around and being coy but now their eyes

are locked in a very meaningful way.

"I really like you." He says it first. "I know that's corny, and I'm trying not to overthink what's happening right now. But I need you to know that. Meaning I really want to take you to the end of a dirt road and devour you right now. But I also want to take you to a movie and do homework together and..." she's kissing him. Real strong. And her tongue is just pushing in enough to make him weak. He surrenders.

"Yes, I will be your girlfriend," she says beaming. "Now take me there."

They make it to the car but get distracted kissing again before they can even get in. She leans back against the rear passenger side door, dizzy from his happy kisses. He's gripping at her thighs and lifts one leg up to the side as he presses into her again. He really likes being between her legs. If any of the neighbors are up, they are getting quite a show. He palms her crotch and rubs as she circles her hips on his hand. Wow Nancy really is NOT uptight like he thought. Like at all. Girlfriends are fun. Especially his. "Nancy..." he sighs.

"I've had a minor crush on you for like a year," she blurts out suddenly. "Barb came and took over the babysitting job I had tonight, even though it was super inconvenient for her, so I could make it to the party. It's the only time I really see you and I was bummed that I might miss this opportunity. Plus my mom was pissed... ugh it's a long story." He's released her leg while she was talking, and now kisses her neck to reassure her that he's heard what she said.

He stays nuzzling in her neck for a few beats, thinking. "Really?" He says finally. Bringing his head up to face her with a sideways, suspicious look.

"Yah, really." She's enjoying the neck kisses, but she's also glad he finally broke the silence. She's feeling vulnerable from the things she just said.

"You never talk to me."

"I've wanted to but didn't want to bother you at school. I get



intimidated. I know other boys, but they are always boring and dull and... not you. You're always yourself, and you talk about interesting things, and you're talented, and funny, and you've spoiled me, because I thought all boys were considerate and smart, like you, but they aren't. I really want to know you more, Jonathan. I'm intrigued by you. Plus when you got taller last year I really... noticed."

They stand there leaned up against his car for more than a moment, just looking at each other, seeking and finding the truth, letting whatever suspicions remain fall away. Without breaking eye contact he reaches for the passenger door handle. He opens the car door and she gets in.

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She is nestled into his side with his arm around her as he drives. David Bowie is singing about putting out fires with gasoline. There is a fragile tension in the car, and he kisses the top of her head. Her hair is soft and silky on his lips. She rests her hand on his abdomen, gently stroking her thumb above his belly button. She'd like to do more but he's driving.

He pulls up to the end of the dead end road and turns off the lights, leaving the car running. He wants to keep the heat on as long as possible. "Nance," he says, as he turns and places a kiss to her lips. "I have to turn off the car and the heat so we don't run out of gas, but I brought a sleeping bag. It's in the back."

They move to the back seat. They can't even make eye contact right now or they will lose it. He unzips the sleeping bag and puts it nearby so they have enough to keep them both warm if need be. With as horny and lusty as they are right now, they may not need it. They are very warm right now, distractedly warm.

She pushes at his jacket. "Off please." He obliges, tossing it into the front seat. When he reaches to pull his sweater overhead this time he lets the T-shirt follow. "Deja Vu," she quips. She's so quick witted. It's terrific.

Now that he's sitting there bare from the waist up, he gives her an adorable half smile and rubs his hands through his hair. 'He's too

adorable when he's being shy,' she thinks. She places one hand timidly on his hot, firm chest. His breath quickens and his chest heaves. 'Sexy.' She thinks.

He's looking at her now and so she starts to shrug off her coat and throw it in front. She lifts her top overhead slowly and, although she feels shy, it's overridden by the spark she feels watching his face as he sees her in her bra. She undoes her ponytail and lets her soft hair fall around her shoulders.

All of her exposed flesh makes her eyes look bigger, bluer, he doesn't know why. He puts an arm around her waist and pulls her to him, much like he did for the first time hours ago on the hood of his car. Only this time he slides her underneath him on the backseat of his car, gently lowering down on top of her and meeting her wanting lips in a heated crash. Her hands slide onto his back and gently caress, dragging her nails when he really kisses her deep.

There are no neighbors to see them now. No parents to stop them. She is really losing control, and hungrily slips her hands down into the back of his pants to feel his ass. He props himself up on one arm and uses the other to slide down her belly and undo the top button of her jeans. He's hungrily kissing her chest and bites at the edge of her bra pulling it with his teeth. He drops his head to her forehead and growls at her, eyes intense

"Take that off now, or I will destroy it with my teeth."

She responds with a gasp and returns his hot gaze, twisting her arms behind her to make that happen accompanied by heavy pants. When it's unclasped, he pulls it off and flings it away. It's pretty dark but he doesn't need much light to see her dark little nipples heaving. He pushes the nearest one into his mouth with a moan as she runs hands up his back and through his hair, whimpering; her arousal has a strong sound and a scent now. Her nipples are salty and his tongue is tracing every ridge, memorizing how they bounce when he sucks and releases. He could do that all night, but he suddenly really wants to see her legs. He's always loved Nancy's legs - so thin but muscular and just the right amount of curves in just the right spots; her hips are a dream.

“You looked so amazing in that dress tonight.”

“Mmmm, thank you.”

“What are the chances you want to take off these jeans?”

She responds by kicking off her shoes while reaching down and unzipping her pants, lifting her hips and wriggling out, panties and all. He slides off to the floorboard to give her room.

“Damn. I... didn’t...”

“What? Actually think I’d do it?”

“I dunno what I thought.” She is blowing his mind. He glides back up on top of her.

“Listen.” She places a hand on his cheek to hold his gaze. “I don’t want to hide or hold back anything. I want to live free and wild and honest, remember? No bullshit? and I honestly want to get naked in the back of your car right now and make love with you.”

“Goddamn Nance.” She is a hot force. “Please always talk to me like this. Please never hold back or hide from me. The rebel thing is kind of funny, but I think you know it’s not about rebellion, it’s about living authentically, I really want to live without labels and expectations, and we should absolutely be questioning and exploring and setting the world on fire, or at least each other’s world - starting tonight.”

His eyes flicker into hers and he drops his head to her abdomen starting to kiss his way down her torso. He is too turned on to even worry about... anything. Other than Nancy. One of the things he was thinking of on the ride back over was, if she would let him, he would love to taste her. He paid attention in sex ed, and gave special attention to the part about girls, and he’s thought about it. A lot.

He’s about to get his wish. She is not stopping him. In fact she’s putting her legs on his shoulders and guiding him down. Those trim legs. He slides onto his knees in the floorboard and slightly angles her towards him. He begins to kiss down her inner thighs while he strokes and drags light fingertips down from her knees to her thighs

ending in a firm squeeze on her hip bone. “Fuuuck,” she groans. He loves to hear her curse. “Jonathan, please, you are teasing me.”

He gently touches her labia and uses two fingers to separate. The sound is wet and sticky. It’s hard to see but he sees soft pink, like her dress. He’s gently tracing his fingers around her opening, nipping and pulling, all of which is eliciting soft sighs from them both. He can’t wait anymore so he doesn’t. He dives in using his tongue, his nose - his whole face. She jumps and then settles back into him. His hair tickles her in places on her abdomen and legs that she had no idea could be so sensitive.

He lifts his eyes to look down the length of her body. The full moonlight catches her writhing body in flashes like midnight ripples on the lake. Her eyelashes, nipples, lips, sparkle. She has one hand in his hair and one hand in her own, rubbing at her head like she may go mad.

He goes deeper, sucking, kissing, exploring with his tongue. He knows he will find her clit soon, but he’s in no hurry to stop exploring and tasting. Her scent, her texture, the viscosity of her fluids - it’s beyond him how good it is. He’s not stopping but he does reach down and unbutton his pants and push them down enough to free himself. He strokes himself a little, but then returns his full attention back to making Nancy purr and twitch.

He’s come this far, so he decides to be even bolder. He pushes her legs back even further, exposing the little starfish between her ass cheeks. He lets his tongue slide down the skin below her pussy, looking to her for a reaction. She lifts her head and locks in with his eyes panting heavily. “You dirty boy,” she says in a deep tone he didn’t know she had, “yes yes yes you may.” Her head drops back in surrender.

He folds her legs back over to rest on her hips and holds them there as he takes a long stroke with his tongue starting below her asshole and ending all the way up at the top of her folds. She gasps so loud he hesitates to make sure that was pleasure. It was. Definitely. So he licks again and again and again, sometimes with a flat tongue, sometimes just the tip, sometimes lingering at her openings to trace the soft ridges and place lusty kisses and soft breaths. She’s growing

more and more vocal, thrashing and gasping out sounds that sometimes sound like pieces of his name.

As he shortens his stroke, and begins using soft, cool breaths to excite her further, he begins to think about her clit. It's dark so he'll have to use other senses to find it. He's ready and begins to explore at the top of her opening. When both of her hands crash onto the back of his head pushing him into the nub he just found he thinks he may be able to deliver. He begins sucking and shaking his tongue furiously, even using his nose if he has to, but he must keep making her make that noise that sounds like his name. "Than!" She shudders "Na! Jaw! Jon! Na! Than! Oh fuck baby yah!!!" he wonders if he puts a finger inside of her.... "Unnnnnhhhhhh shittt Jonathan!!!" Her hands are really clawing at the back of his head. Her insides are so warm and wet and maybe just one more finger to see what happens?

He readjusts the angle he is sucking on her to get more friction and then pushes a second finger in and pulses them in and out. It starts low and guttural but quickly builds and overflows. "ooooOOOhhhhhh Jonathan I'm coming ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!" And she certainly is. She clamps down hard on his fingers and he feels the quakes followed by waves of warm fluid. He's lapping at her opening as his fingers withdraw. My god, she makes him feel like a beast.

He slows down in response to her own slowing breathing and blows cool breath into her folds causing her to stir and shiver. He could be wrong, but he thinks the mix of cold air on her hot opening creates steam. He feels it warm on his face as he blows onto her hottest spots. He wipes his face on her beautiful inner thigh followed by a gentle nip with his teeth and a kiss.

Her breathing is still heavy and filled with want as he comes back to her face. She hungrily kisses him and squeezes him close, holding on to him as she rides out her aftershocks. He is so hard and ready, but he's waiting for her to indicate she wants to continue. She does. She is lit up like the crackling sparkler sticks they played with at Fourth of July parties, possessed with a combustible energy, sparking out of control. He strokes her hair and tells her with his eyes that he knows. Everything's ok. Let it out.

She pushes him back up on his elbows, placing her hands on his

chest, tracing all of his hard ridges and watching his face respond. She circles a finger around his nipple and he reacts as if he's been shocked. He has very sensitive nipples, she notes. His eyes close in soft pleasure. He loves the feeling of her hands, anywhere. She can have it all. His soul. He's never been this split open and raw.

She reaches down to hold him. She likes what she finds. He chokes and sputters as she runs her hand down his shaft and palms his balls, softly, tickling light fingers across the base. His jeans are mostly still on so he sits up and pushes his shoes and jeans all of the way off as she tries to help. Once he's free he tosses them over the seat and lands back between her legs. She urgently resumes her stroking. The other hand stroking his hip and gripping at his ass. Fuck, her hands are so elegant and strong and touch him just perfectly. The feel alone of her thighs rubbing along the sides of his body is about to make him come.

All of his questions have been answered, save one.

"Can we...?"

"I sure want to - do you?"

"Hell yes I want to, but... babies?"

"I'm on the pill. I'll... tell ya about it later. We're good."

"Ok, thank god." He's relieved; they are completely unfettered now.

"Tell me what to do. I don't want to hurt you."

"Go slow. I think? I don't really know either."

She puts him where he needs to be and then puts her hands on either side of his face, lustfully tasting his lips and tongue once more. Ready. His face lights up as he pushes in, breaking past her first point of soft resistance. It's as if the moon just came out from behind the clouds. They are both ignited. He moves so slow watching her face. There are a few winces but they are quickly replaced by sighs and flashes of pleasure. Waves of a new, heightened sensation burn in ripples across their bodies. When he is all the way in, their lips connect again in a fevered yet tender kiss.

“I can feel all of you. All.” Her eyes blaze.

“You feel... uffff... ” He melts. He quivers in her arms. He can’t find the right words. “Can I move?”

“Yes, please.” Her fingertips dig into his shoulders.

He begins to follow instinct and slow piston in and out of her. Each push and pull is like a slow drag through ecstasy. Smooth, meets wet, meets hard, raw heat. She’s got her sexy legs locked around him and one hand is grabbing at his ass. “Yesss” they both hiss in unison. There are no other words, only grasps and groans, kisses and moans.

It’s scalding hot. His head is filled with a vision of them burning so hot their bones turn to glass.

He’s holding her face and bracing his elbows against the sides of her arms. She thinks he has never looked more strong, fierce and free. That beast is hers. Her boyfriend. Sexy. Yes, baby, yes.

She’s not aware that she can have another orgasm that quickly after one so it surprises her when she feels her hips start to quiver and her muscles tense deep inside her lower abdomen. He’s moving faster, changing angles, lightly grazing her clit. Every cell in their bodies excites and spins; there are too many sensations - it’s blindingly, blissfully good.

He pushes her over the edge just as he thrusts deeper and harder, past his own point of no return; they lose their minds together with full throated shouts from the bottom of their soul, combusting between them. The vision explodes in a flash of light and energy, flying glass and hot groans. They feel his hot cum push into all of her deep, twitching warmth.

She’s panting and pushing the hair out of his face, soothing him. They need to be in each other’s bright eyes right now. It feels so good to have his heaving weight on top of her. She wraps her arms around his warm back, her hands gently riding his shoulder blades as they rise and fall with each exhale, synchronizing with hers, each slower than the next.

When their lips meet, every kiss is over sensitized and electric.

They start to feel the chilly, crisp sensation of the night air on their hot naked bodies. He slides onto his side next to her, holding her close to his chest and resting her head on his arm. He reaches for the sleeping bag and covers them, just as she's starting to shiver.

"Nancy, baby."

"Mmmm, Jonathan."

"You ok?"

"Mmhmmmm."

"Good."

"You're warm."

"You're hot."

"You're mine."

"I'm yours."

"I'm so glad you came tonight." She murmurs, while her dirty mind translates that a little differently. "To the party. And well..." They both snicker at her unintentional double entendre. His mind's a little dirty too. What's not to love about that.

"Me too."

"You're cool."

"Ready to set the world on fire with me?"

"Light it up."

They will never lose this night. It becomes the cornerstone of their relationship: to be honest, authentic, and brave. No bullshit.

They drift off to sleep, knowing they are loved wholly and free.



Wherever they go, as long as they are together, they are home.

The world isn't ready for them.